Volume 11

The Standard,

OR FRONTIER GAZETTE.

Number 37

Price 15s. in Town] SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, WEDNESDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 11, 1844. [15s. sent by Mail].

AGRICULTURE.

RENOVATION OF THE SOIL.

"There is in the constituent particles of soils a constant tendency to more minute division. By continual tillage, and the concurrent action of salts, manures, and frost, this division may become so extreme, that at length a soil may be reduced to a fine powder or dust; in which a state it will be destitute of substance, and cease to be productive;—the rain falling upon it will convert it into mere mire or mud; and this being hardened by the heat of the sun, the air will be excluded, and the roots of plants will be wholly unable to fulfil their functions."

"All these soils" (for instance where 45 parts of 100 are clay) "are unproductive, and become adhesive and clammy when wet; the water which stands upon them is uniformly turbid and whitish, and particularly so when it is agitated by wind; the effect of heat is to contract and crack their surface, to make it hard, and render it impetrenable to the plough; nor can they be made to any considerable extent productive, *but by the liberal application of coarse undecomposed manure*, and especially *by ploughing in crops of buckwheat when in flower*."

It is not my purpose to discuss the question of renovating soils, for it has often been ably treated, but to state the result of an experiment in wheat culture, on a soil approximating the above description quoted from that sterling work of Chaptal, on Agricultural Chemistry. The soil was rather a stiff clay, and having been some thirty five years arable condition, and for much of the former part of this time very productive of wheat, it had been, for want of a knowledge of the benefits of the "rotation system," sadly abused. In 1838, it was summer fallowed, having laid the four years previous to sheep pasture, but the crop of wheat which followed was very ordinary, not yielding ten bushels to to the acre; which in part arose from the adhesive and clammy nature of the soil, causing the frost to heave a very considerable proportion of the plants on the surface to perish. This is well known to be a very common occurrence, in our climate, with heavy clay lands, if sowed late; but this was not the fact in the last particular, and the growth in the fall was beyond an average. After the crop was harvested, I observed on all parts of the field, numerous cracks on the surface to a much greater extent than is usual with similar soils. I contemplated giving the field a heavy manuring the following season, and plant with corn; but subsequently changed my plan, having resolved to adopt the course recommended as above by Chaptal. I consequently applied about twenty-five large cart loads of coarse, unfermented manure, drawn from my sheep barns, to the acre, which was spread no faster than the ploughs would cover. The plants, in the fall, assumed so dark and green, that I was little apprehensive of the usual rank growth before the harvest, which follows almost the direct application of manure to the wheat-crop, as well as large disproportion of straw to the berry. But, doubtless owing to the great poverty of the soil, these results did not follow. The field averaged over twenty bushels to the acre, which is about the average production of well-tilled fallow land; sown timely and in favorable seasons, in this immediate quarter. The coarse manure had evidently effected a material modification of the soil, as few cracks were distinguishable on the surface, after harvest, showing most clearly, that it was more friable. It is a year ago last spring since the grass seed was sown upon it, and a more luxurious covering of clover I have rarely seen, than the field now presents;—which is another proof of some renovation of the soil, otherwise very much of the clover would have been thrown out by the frost of last spring. It is my present impression, that if this field is permitted to rest two or three years longer, and then sowed with buckwheat, and ploughed under when in blow, preparatory to wheat, in consideration of what has already been done, its original fertility will be nearly restored and in some measure the adhesive and clammy texture of the soil destroyed.

But while on this subject, I beg leave to enter a protest against applying manure—except compost—directly to the wheat crop; unless, as in the above case, when the soil is rendered quite unproductive, by long and "skinning" management, before agricultural periodicals taught us better. You will permit me to quote your remarks, gentlemen on this point, for I am quite sure they cannot be kept too much "before the people"—from the 7th vol. of the Cultivator, taken from a sterling article on "Wheat Culture." "One of the greatest evils of direct manuring for the wheat crop, arises from the liability of the grain so manured, to lodge. The rapid growth of the stem renders it unable to support its own weight, it is soft and flexible, contains much less silex than those grown in a poorer soil; the wheat does not usually perfect its berry, and at all times, from the thinness of the skin or cuticle, it is more liable to mildew and rust. These things render it certainly unadvisable, unless the land is very poor and reduced, to apply unfermented manure to wheat." My own experience, as well as that of thousands of others, in times past; will attest the truth of these remarks. As nearly as possible, my practice conforms to the "rotation system; and I apply my manure in an unfermented state to my corn and potato crops, and top dressing of meadows.

L. A. Morrell.

BE SOMETHING

It is the duty of every one to take some active part as actor on the stage of life. Some seem to think they can vegetate as it were, without being anything in particular. Man was not made to rust out his life. It is expected he should "act well his part." He must be something. He has a work to perform, which it is his duty to attend to. We are not placed here to grow up, pass through the various stages of life, and then die, without having done anything for the benefit of the human race. It is a principle in the creed of the Mahometans that every one should have a trade. No Christian doctrine could be better than that. Is a man to be brought up in idleness? Is he to live upon the wealth which his ancestors have acquired by frugal industry? Is he placed here to pass through life like an automaton? Has he nothing to perform as a citizen of the world? A man who does nothing, is useless to his country as an inhabitant. A man who does nothing is a mere cipher. He does not fulfil the obligations for which he was sent into the world, and when he dies, he has not finished the work that was given him to do. He is a mere blank in creation. Some are born with riches and honours upon their heads. But does it follow that they have nothing to do in their career through life? There are certain duties for every one to perform. *Be Something.* Don't live like a hermit and die unregretted.

See that young man, no matter what are his circumstances, if he has no particular business to pursue, he will not accomplish much. Perhaps he has a father abundantly able to support him. Perhaps that father has laboured hard to obtain a competence that is sufficient for his sons to live in idleness. Can they go abroad with any degree of self complacency, squandering away the money which their fathers have earned by hard labour? No one who has the proper feelings of a citizen, who wishes to be ranked among the useful members of society, would live such a life.

Be Something. Don't be a drone. You may rely upon your present possessions, or on your future prospects, but these riches may fly away, or other hopes may be blighted, and if you have no place of your own, in such a case, ten to one you will find your path beset with thorns. Want may come upon you before you are aware of it, and having no profession, you find yourself in anything but an enviable condition. It is, therefore, important that you should be something. Don't depend upon Fortune, for she is a fickle support, which often fails when you lean upon her with the greatest confidence. Trust to your own exertions.

Be Something. Pursue the vocation for which you are fitted by nature; pursue it faithfully and diligently. You have a part to act, and the honour in performing that part depends upon yourself. It is sickening to see a parcel of idle boys hanging around a father, spending the money which he has earned by his industry, without attempting to do anything for themselves. Be Something, should be their motto. Every one is capable of learning some "art, trade, or mystery," and can earn a competence for himself. He should Be Something, and not bring down the gray hairs of his father to the grave. He should learn to depend upon himself. Idle boys, living upon a parent without any profession or employment, are illy qualified for good members of society. And we regret to say that it is too often the case, that it is the parent's fault that they are thus brought up. They should be taught to Be Something, to know how to provide for themselves in case of necessity, and to act well their part they will reap the honour which therein lies.

LAUGHABLE MISTAKE.

A carrier in the neighbourhood of Bolton recently had to convey a barrel of Roman cement to a gentleman, and a barrel of Guano to a farmer, each of which he delivered to the wrong party. A plasterer commenced preparing the guano, which was given to him as Roman cement, and after much difficulty, owing to the bad smell, he succeeded in plastering a few yards of the gentleman's house, but the stench becoming past his endurance, he called out to the gentleman, and said, "I am very sorry but I must beg of you to get some person to finish this job, for I never met with such Roman cement before. I am quite sick, and the smell will poison me, if I go on, besides, (continued the plasterer,) did you ever see Roman cement so yellow?" The gentleman said there must be some mistake, for it evidently was not cement, and accompanied the plasterer to the carrier's where they found the farmer complaining about the barrel of stuff he had got. It was like sand, but when mixed with water it turned into stone, and would flag his field, instead of making the grass grow almost as quick as winking as he was told this manure would do. His man had mixed water with some of it and spread it out, and on returning a short time afterwards, he found the stuff as hard as a flag, and came to him in breathless haste, saying "Mestur, I never seed sitch muck hin he my loife as yon new ganno, mucky, for I mixt sum on't whe what tur, un hits torned hinto a flag; hin hittle mack grass gro hittle mack ou't gro." "Oh! (exclaimed the plasterer,) that must be the Roman cement, and I have been mixing up your Guano instead of it." The mistake of the carrier was rectified, and the parties returned home.

POETRY.

For the Standard.

THE MORNING DEW.

Say whence this moisture on the mead,
That wets my stockings through?
And why am I annoy'd so much
With this transparent dew?

On trees, and shrubs, on herbs, and flowers,
And ev'ry thing that's green;
In summer mornings going to school,
Its balmy drops I've seen.

"The vail" 'tis true "is on mine eyes,"
Else could I plainly see,
Those dews distil like amber bead,
Upon the velvet lea.

Had I a telescope like him,
Who distant worlds descry'd,
Whose name is *there*, tho' (long since) dead,
To useful ends apply'd.

Then might I see those azure jets,
Descending on the plain,
The mountain, valley, wood, and lawn,
Like drops, of "latter rain."

Sometimes I think it does not fall,
But rises from the earth;
By union of the elements,
And thus it gets its birth.

Again, like manna, it comes down,
From the blue spangled sky,
Ordain'd by the Omnipotent;
Whose throne is fixed on high.

While writing thus, I'm taught to look,
With reverential awe,
To him whose image can be trac'd,
By His unerring law.

Nor dare to think myself annoy'd,
Tho' dews obstruct my path,
In nature by divine command,
Those dews their being hath.

And bid to fall on violets blue,
On rose trees, in full bloom,
And by the same command exhale,
At the bright beams of noon.

No. 7.

Digdeguash, Aug. 24, 1844.

THE BURN'S FESTIVAL.

This great fete was celebrated at Ayr on Tuesday, the 6th inst. The preliminary arrangements were instructed to a very active and influential committee, through whose instrumentality the Earl of Eglinton and Professor Wilson were induced to accept the honorable duty of presiding at the festive board. A field of some twenty acres in extent, beautifully situated on the banks of the Doon, was selected. Distant only a few yards from the monument erected to the poet's memory, in 1820, in the sloping vale immediately below the cottage of his birth, it had the additional charm of being in the very centre of the scene of Tam o'Shanter, and within view of Alloway's "auld haunted kirk," where the revels of the unearthly legion were held. The pavilion is nearly a square, and covers a space of 110 feet by 128. It is a very handsome erection, beautifully lined with cloth of various colours. It was calculated to hold upwards of 2,000 persons. For several days prior to the fete, all the inns and lodging-houses in Ayr were bespoken, and never before did that town, which Burns has celebrated as the residence of "honest men and bonnie lasses," exhibit such an appearance. From early dawn crowds flocked into Ayr from all directions. From an elevated situation, the country for miles round had the appearance of a living panorama. "Puir auld Scotland" never exhibited a more animated sight. By eleven o'clock all was in readiness for the grand movement. At a given signal the various bands struck up inspring tunes, and the magnificent pageant commenced its progress to the monument, through the principal streets of Ayr.—Perhaps the most pleasing feature in the whole procession was the vast assemblage of ploughmen and shepherds, dressed in their plaids and broad blue bonnets. The procession was formed three deep, and extended to nearly a mile in length. It occupied at least an hour in passing from the new bridge into the field, on entering which the bands played "Duncan Gray," followed by "The Birks of Aberfeldy." A large circle was then formed round the platform for the musicians in the field, and the whole company, led by professional vocalists, joined in singing, "Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon," and "Auld Lang Syne."

The pavilion, when all were seated, had a splendid appearence. The chairman, the Earl of Eglintoun, was supported by Mr. Robert Burns, eldest son of the poet; Major Burns, and Colonel Burns, Mrs. Begg, sister of the poet, Sir J. M'Neill, Bart, the Lord Justice General, the Countess of Eglintoun, &c. The croupier, Professor Wilson, was supported by Mr. A. Alison, Colonal Mure, Mr. A. Hastie, M. P., Mr. J. Oswald, M. P., Sir J. Campbell, &c.

The Chairman, rising to propose in such an assemblage the thrilling toast, "The Memory of Burns"—(great applause, the company rising and waving handkerchiefs)—said, this is no a meeting for the purpose of recreation and amusement, it is the spontaneous offering of a nation's feelings towards the illustrious dead, and, adding to this, the desire to extend a hand of welcome and friendship to those whom he has left behind. Here on the very spot where he first drew breath, on the very ground which his genius has hallowed, beside the Old Kirk of Alloway, which his verse has immortalized, beneath the monument which an admiring and repentant people have raised to him—(great applause)—we meet, after the lapse of years, to pay our homage to the man of genius.

The noble Earl spoke at some length in a spirit that was responded to by the rapturous applauses of the meeting, which were redoubled when the cap was raised to the memory of the poet. This was succeeded by "Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon," by Mr. Templeton.

Mr. Robert Burns returned thanks; and then Professor Wilson pronounced, amidst loud cheering, an eloquent welcome, greeting the poet's family. Sir J. M'Neill was not less effective in the eulogiums with which he introduced the next toast, "Wordsworth and the Poets of England." Sir D H Blair, Bart., proposed the "Countess of Eglintoun, and the other ladies, who have graced this meeting with their presence" a toast which was received with great applause. Several other toasts were drunk, and the convivialities of the meeting were prolonged to a late hour.

Featherstonhaugh's Excursions.

Love of Titles in America.—A well-known gentleman at Winchester, in this state (Virginia,) relating an amusing anecdote to me on this subject. Crossing to Potomac into Virginia, with his horse, in a ferry boat, the ferryman said, "Major, I wish you would lead your horse a little forward," which he immediately did, observing to the man, "I am not a major, and you need not call me one." To this the ferryman replied, "Well Kurnel, I ax your pardon, and I'll not call you so no more." Being arrived at the landing place, he led his horse out of the boat, and said, "My good friend, I am a very plain man, I am neither a colonel nor a major; I have no title at all, and I don't like them. How much have I to pay you?" The ferryman looked at him and said, "You are the first white man ever crossed this ferry that warn't jist nobody at all, and I'll not charge you nothing."

The Medical Student.—"You have read sufficiently long, Charles," said an elderly physician of my acquaintance to his student (a youth who had been studying medicine some two years,) to commence visiting the sick! I will take you along with me this morning, and you have an opportunity of seeing as well as reading of the many changes in disease we have to watch with a eye of much scrutiny and discrimination, in order to enable us more correctly to judge the character and treatment of various cases than we could possibly learn from reading all the books ever published on the science." And sure enough, off went preceptor and pupil in the daily round of professional visits.

The first house they entered, was one where a man in a convalescent state, was lounging upon a bed, whilst his nurse was comfortably seated in a rocking chair, reading a novel for his amusement. The doctor approached the bed, and after feeling the pulse of the patient, turned to the nurse and said: "He has been eating oysters!—Why did you let him have them?"

The nurse declared most positively that he had not; but being more closely interrogated, said he only ate two or three.

After leaving the house, the student asked the doctor how in the world he could tell that it was oysters he had eaten?

Why, I saw the shells under the bed! was the reply.

The doctor being very busy the next day, sent the student alone to the patient, and upon his return asked him how he was.

He is much worse, said the young disciple; I think he will die. He has eaten a horse!

A horse! vociferated the physician.

Yes, sir; a horse?

How in the world did you find out that he had eaten a horse?

"Because, sir," said the knowing student, "I saw a saddle and bridle under the bed!"

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[We recommend a careful perusal of the following "Hints to Correspondents," copied from an English paper, by giving them an attentive reading it will not only oblige us, but save no small trouble occasionally:]—

Hints for Newspaper Correspondents.—Some of our correspondents would save us a vast deal of trouble, and themselves much disappointment, occasionally if they would only attend to the following rules: As your copy must often be cut into pieces, a sheet written on both sides is a plague and sorrow often delaying the article or the paper: write therefore only on one side of the paper. II. *Always keep a copy* of your article unless it be very long. It will be apt to get lost or mislaid among the haystack of an editor's manuscripts if not used immediately, and it is better and safer for you to keep a copy than to rely on the editor to return the original. III. Never send an article to an editor unfinished. When he hears or reads that you have scrawled it off hastily, left it full of imperfections, &c., he mentally resolves to put it quietly into the fire the moment you are out of the way. IV. Never carry in an article other than an advertisement, and demand that the editor read it once, and say whether he publish it or not. He cannot always spare the time at that moment, and he does not, at any rate, want to tell you that you are incapable of handling your subject, should such be the fact. V. Never fall into the serious mistake of imagining that because a man writes a sorry hand himself, he is partial to that sort of Chirography. Remember that he is always writing, and generally at hand to correct any errors in his proofs, while you will not be. Write plainly, if possible; write decipherably, any how, or don't write at all.'—*Liverpool paper.*

PHILOSOPHICAL FACTS.

Sound travels at the rate of 1,141 feet per second in the air, 4,900 in water, 11,000 in cast iron, 17,000 in steel, 18,000 in glass, and from 4,636 to 17,000 in wood.

Mercury freezes at 33 degrees below zero of Fahrenheit, and becomes a solid mass, malleable under the hammer.

The greatest height at which the visible *clouds* ever exist does not exceed ten miles.

Air is about 816 times lighter than water.

The pressure of the atmosphere upon every square foot of the earth amounts to 2,160 lbs. An ordinary sized man, supposing his surface to be fourteen square feet, sustains the enormous pressure of 30,240 lbs.

Heat rarefies air to such an extent that it may be made to occupy 5 or 600 times the space it did before.

The violence of the expansion of *water*, when freezing, is sufficient to cleave a globe of copper of such thickness as to require a force of 28,900 lbs. to produce the same effect.

During the conversion of *ice* into water, 140 degrees of heat are absorbed.

Water, when converted into steam, increases in bulk 1,800 times.

One hundred pounds of the water of the Dead Sea contain 45 pounds of salt.

The mean annual depth of *rain* that falls at the equator is 96 inches.

Assuming the temperature of the interior of the earth to increase uniformly as we descend, at the rate of one degree in 46 feet, at the depth of 80 miles it would amount to 480,000 degrees of Fahrenheit—a degree of heat sufficient to fuse all known substances.

The explosive force of closely confined *gunpowder*, is six and a half tons to the square inch.

NOTICE.

All persons indebted to the Subscriber by Note or Book Account, of longer standing than six months at this date, are notified that if they are not paid on or before the 1st day of November next, they will be put in a proper train for collection.

JOHN LOCHARY.

St. Andrews, Sept 3, 1844.

NOTICE.

A DIVIDEND of one shilling and six pence in the Pound is payable at the Counting Room of Mr. J. W. Street to the Creditors of Thomas Sime who have executed the Deed of Release and Assignment of his Estate and Effects to the Subscribers.

H. HATCH } *Trustees for the*
J. W. STREET } *Creditors.*

St. Andrews, 27th July 1844.—2mo.

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